

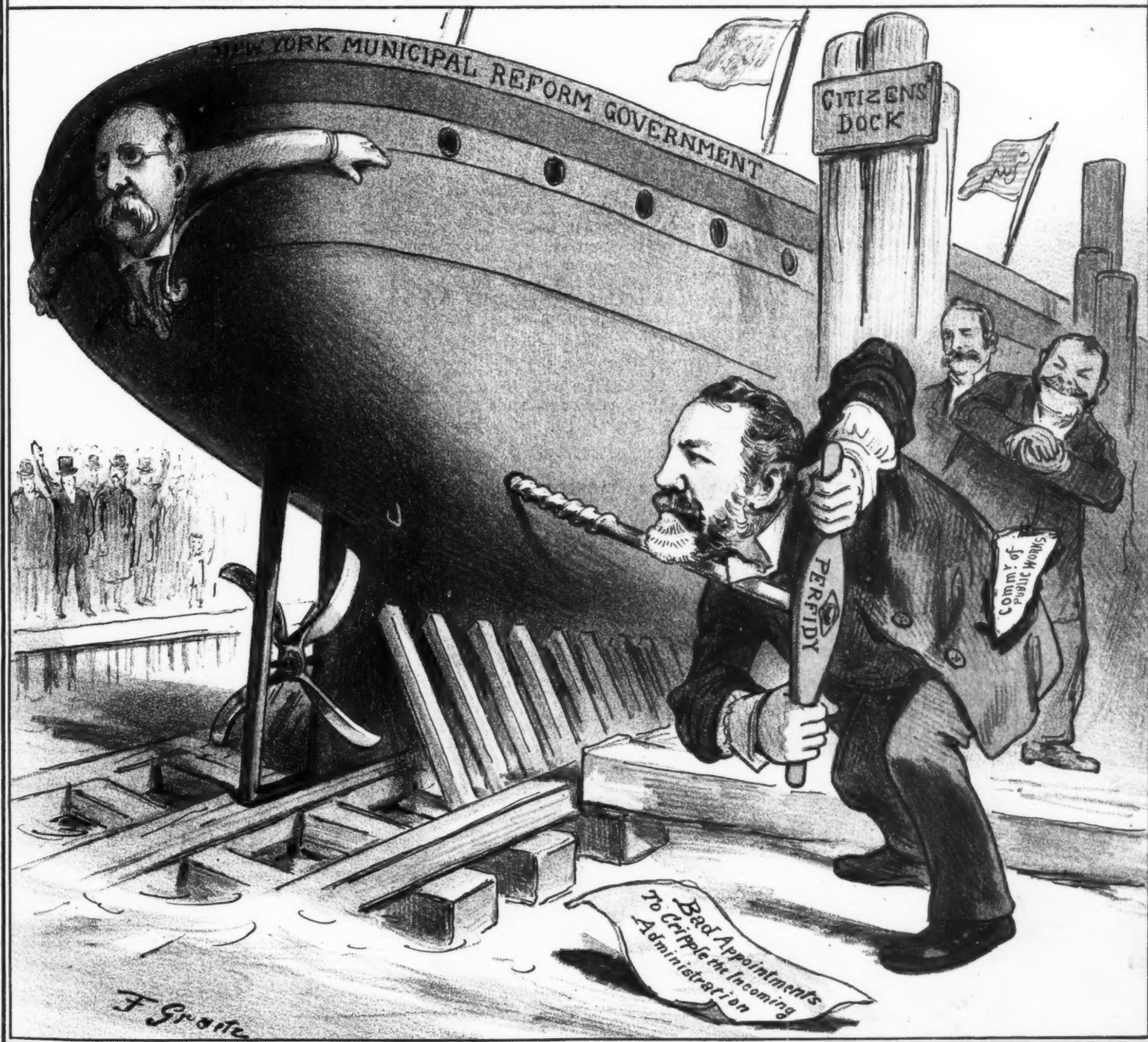


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SINCE HE CANNOT SAIL THE SHIP, HE TRIES TO SINK IT.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesdays before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Fridays at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

If Mr. Blaine's personal attitude is fairly representative of the attitude of his State, Maine stands in a very bad light by the side of Louisiana. But we believe that Mr. Blaine is speaking for himself alone when he tells his doleful tale of a divided country and a sanguinary South. We do not care to hold his State responsible for the mad slanders to which Louisiana is giving the lie in a practical and effective way. For surely there is no more cheering sight than the new, the brave, the wise Louisiana of to-day wiping out for ever her record of rebellion, of discontent, of shiftlessness, with the consummate work of peace and industry. This was the "rotten borough" of the South but eight years ago—the State whose political degradation made possible the crime and disgrace of 1876. To-day she leads her Southern sisters and takes upon her strong shoulders a work of national importance and of proportions that might frighten many a Northern State.

Surely of all the exhibitions and expositions and centennials, this in New Orleans is the most worthy. It has a deeper significance than even the Centennial World's Fair of 1876. It means that the war of the rebellion has gone into history, clean out of the living generation. It means that sectional feeling is an Extinct Satan, no longer worth powder and shot. It means that instead of the South we have been taught to know—the lazy, dissatisfied, turbulent, quarrelsome South, there is a new South that is only anxious to rival the North in works of usefulness—a South full of ambition, of cheerful patriotism, of the sterling commonsense which must be at the bottom of all national prosperity—a South which asks for no preëminence save that which enterprise and hard work may honestly earn. This is a matter for gratulation to the whole country. The visible sign and symbol of it is of more interest to us than any conventional celebration of the glories of the past.

And a practical and useful movement it is, too, this New Orleans affair. It is not merely the building of a bazaar, an exchange for foreign and domestic merchandise. It is a well-considered step toward the acquisition of a line of business which the country needs, and which belongs to us of right. We of the North should long ago have established a strong reciprocal trade with the nations of South America. We have done but little toward that end. We have seen England grasp the prize, and have contented ourselves with moaning over our iniquitous shipping laws—as though that would better them. Now the South, in a sternly practical way, takes the matter in hand; and it looks as if the chosen way were the right way. It may not be flattering to our pride; but the very best thing we of the North can do is to take the cue the South has given us, and frankly and freely do what we may to second and to aid her efforts.

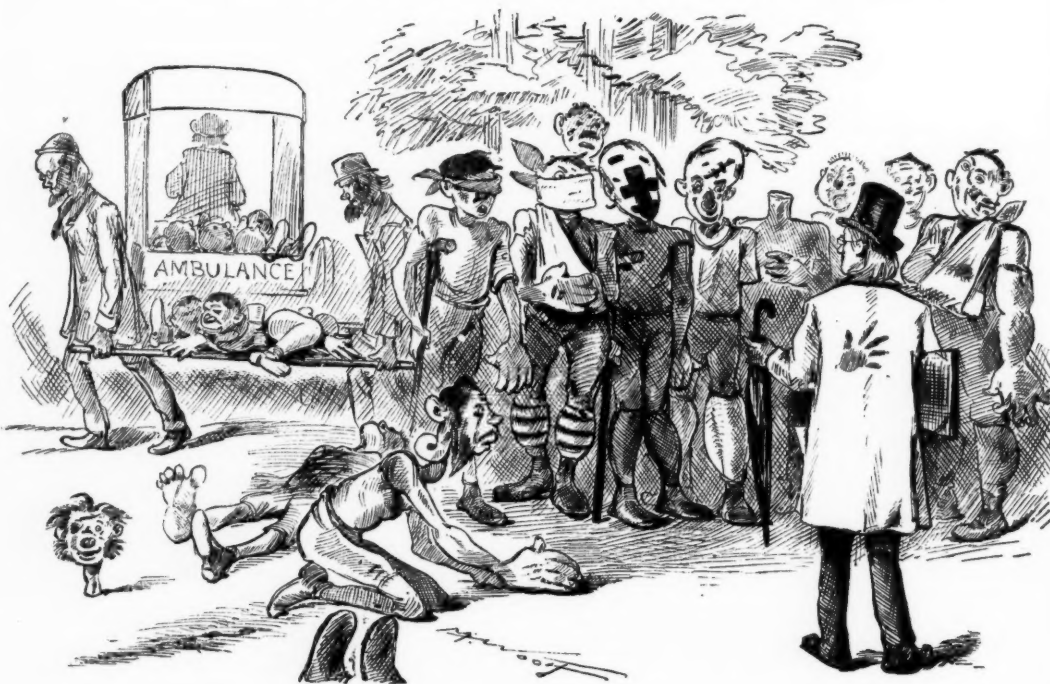
Well, Mr. Edson, we trust you are satisfied. You were, three years ago, a quiet, respected man of business. If you had been quiet, of

late, you would be more respected at present. Now, do you think that these three years have brought you anything that compensates you for what you have lost? You know best, of course, what balances, in your private account with your own conscience, the sacrifice in the way of self-respect and other trifles which you have made. You know your motives for making these sacrifices. And will you kindly tell us how the account stands, in your own estimation? You will soon retire into private life. Your privacy will be absolutely undisturbed. No eager public will lure you from your coy retreat. If your soul yearns for meditation, you will find that you have all the time you need for that edifying employment. Won't you spend some of that leisure in casting up the columns with yourself? And then won't you give us the result?

You have been intrusted, at the hands of the people, with an important office. Have you used your power for the sole good of the people? No, you have not. Have you used it for the benefit of a shameless gang of self-seeking politicians? Yes, you have. Have you made the people love and respect you? No, you have not. Have you filled them with a deep distrust of you and your ways, your friends, your methods of government? Yes, you have. Have you done the city and the cause of political reform a lasting injury? To the best of your ability, Mr. Edson, you have. Now you may settle the question with yourself—are you any the better off for your little span of public life? Do you go back to obscurity with any of the capital of general respect which you had to start on? And have you reaped any advantage that gives you reason to hold the time well-spent? Just think it over, Mr. Edson, and then tell the truth about it. Thus you may at least serve as a warning and a dreadful example to aspiring politicians of more ambition than principle.

No, we don't approve of brutality in any shape or form. We don't like to see young men turn a manly sport into an unmanly, loafer-like brawl. We do not wish to see a game of foot-ball carried on as though it were a scrimmage among the hoodlums in the Sand Lots of San Francisco. We take no interest in looking at one burly fellow hanging on another burly fellow's neck while the first burly fellow endeavors to hammer him off with a pair of boxing-gloves. These things are simply useless, low and blackguardly. But we are not in love with the mollycoddle sentiment, either. It may be something very beautiful, the æsthetic horror of these good people who set up a cry when a professional pugilist gets a lungful of wind thumped out of him, or a sturdy boy of eighteen or twenty loses a square inch of skin on the foot-ball field—but it is borne strongly in upon us that it will be a bad day for the country when a black eye or a sprained knee constitute martyrdom. We might happen to have occasion to quarrel with some other nation, and it is unlikely that our opponents would be willing to conduct their warfare on roseleaf humanitarian principles. Sparring shocks the delicate moral sense of Mayor Edson; but even at the risk of wounding the sensibilities of that tender soul, we ought not to let muscle and pluck go wholly out of fashion.

COLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL.—A DRAWN GAME.



UMPIRE.—"Gentlemen, you will have to meet and play again to-morrow!"

THE ETHIOP'S REVENGE.



A TRAGEDY.

RETROSPECTIVE.

SAD is the clerk when from his books
On these cold days he looks,
And sees on the pane the Winter rime
And dreams of Summer-time;
Of the crystal brooks that used to purl
And of his Summer girl,
Therese Maguire. He thinks it hard,
While gazing on the card
That said through the heated season that
"We close at 3 on Sat."

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

It is with unfeigned regret that we hear of the financial embarrassment of our late friends the enemy. A statement is openly made and widely circulated to the effect that the late National Committee of the G. O. P. is in arrearages in its accounts to the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

As the only assets which seem to be available are some *Tribune* election claims, which, we fear, will hardly bring their face value, and several tons of unused campaign slanders that will not sell for more than one cent a pound, owing to the glutted condition of the old-paper market, the treasurer appears to be in what is vulgarly known as a hole.

At the outside, the sale of these securities will not more than liquidate the claims of the late employees, who are clamoring for their money, and many of whom have large families on their hands; and with a sincere desire to assist the managers in their distress, we will suggest a plan by which they may not only satisfy their creditors, but at the same time acquire a respectable nucleus for the campaign fund of 1888.

This is the height of the theatrical season,

good attractions are fairly coining wealth, and the losses of the last campaign may easily be recovered in a few weeks with anything like good management.

Let the managers of the late campaign engage some enterprising person experienced in the show business—say Mr. P. T. Barnum, for example—and have him hire the Madison Square Garden, and advertise a grand moral musical entertainment. With proper effort, the Garden could be filled every night for a week at two dollars a head. The programme might be arranged as follows:

GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NOVEMBER SUFFERERS.

PART I.

Solo and Quartet.—"Don't Blame Me, For I Didn't Do It" . . . MESSRS. ELKINS, JONES, PHELPS and REID.
Ballad.—"By the Sad Sea Waves" . . . JOHN KELLY.
Song.—"They Say I Am Nobody's Darling," BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

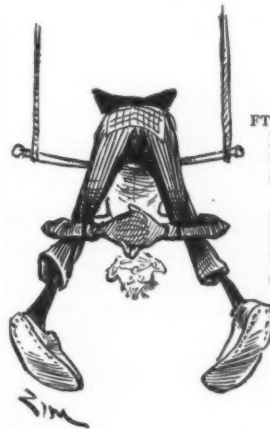
PART II.

Solo and Quartet.—"Song of the Crows." MESSRS. ROOSEVELT, DAWES, HOAR and EDMUNDS.
Ballad.—"Coming Thro' the Rye" . . . J. P. ST. JOHN.
Duet.—"There's a Letter in the Candle," MESSRS. MULLIGAN and FISHER.
Solo.—"Departed Hopes" . . . JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.
Ballad.—"Three Simple Words," REV. DR. BURCHARD.

If the company could be taken upon the road, it would be worth more to the managers than all the administration offices. At all events, the scheme is worth thinking about, and we feel assured it will commend itself to all who have the best interests of the G. O. P. most deeply at heart.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP PARET, of Washington, says a morning paper, is still confined to the house with his eyes. Although it is probably painful to be confined, the Bishop man congratulates himself that he is not confined without his eyes.

Puckerings.



AFTER my dinner
I, Dante Snifkin,
Go to my bed-room,
On the fourth story,

Shed my Prince Albert,
Likewise my waist-coat,
Necktie and collar,
Cuffs and suspenders.

Then do I practise
With my old dumb-bells,
And my big Indian-
Clubs plugged with iron

Then I 'gin thumping
At the spy foot-ball,
And on the trapeze
Fly to the ceiling.

Soon I 'll have muscle
Like any whip-cords,
Tough as pig-iron
Or railroad sponge-cake.

Then I 'll be happy,
For I 'll be ready—
Prepared for to blossom
A Freshman at Harvard.

It is easier for a woman to return a kindness than a copper-bottomed preserve-kettle

J. M. MORTON has written a play entitled "Triplets."—*Ex.* It is a domestic tragedy.

It is stated that many Atlanta churches are paying more attention to music than ever before. It seems to be a bad year for religion all around.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to have been surprised at prayer by her doctor. We should have thought the doctor would have been the one to be surprised.

CLEVELAND HAVING been elected by a plurality of 1,077, we feel surer than ever that Rory O'Moore was right when he said there was luck in odd numbers.

A SCIENTIFIC WRITER asks how to "diminish the frequency of storms." One good way is for him to come home earlier in the evenings, or stay away altogether.

ALTHOUGH a rolling stone is said to gather no moss, Stone, the circus man, is said to have made a fortune traveling from town to town with his canvas-back specialty.

AN EXCHANGE says: "Count De Cesnapoli, an Italian nobleman, tired of living, has committed suicide." We should imagine that it must be very wearisome grinding a hand-organ all day.

FROM THE head-lines of a morning paper we learn that there were three stabbing-affrays yesterday, one by a Bohemian, one by an Italian, and one by a rusty case-knife, nationality unknown.

WHEN TWO prize-fighters stand up and batter each other to pieces, it is reported as being a brutal affair. And the very next week, when two other professors of the manly art meet in a four-round contest, and purposely refrain from hurting each other, the same papers ridicule them and speak of them as being exceedingly "dove-like."

BROTHER SHINBONES ON THE POLE.

Brother Peter Maguff was sitting in his cabin on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, gnawing the last remnants of a turkey which he had procured by a sudden movement, at daybreak of the previous morning, upon a wealthy citizen's fowl-yard. He had secured a very good turkey, and no one had molested him in the enjoyment of his feast. As he was munching the fragments and ruminating on the pleasures of Winter, a knock sounded at the door and the form of Brother Shinbones Smith entered.

"Haow de do, Brudder Pete?" said Shinbones, waving his hand majestically: "haow de do? Dis am de glor'ousest time ob de yeah. Dar am feasting an' jollifyin' a-goin' on ebbry-yeah."

"Dat's so, Brudder Shinbones," answered Peter, with a full heart and a full mouth: "dis am a berry good time."

"It am putty cool outen doohs," continued Shinbones: "but it am wahm 'nuff in heah. D'yo' know, Brudder Pete, dat I ben a-readin' de noospapahs a good bit lately, an' I see some t'ings dat 'stonishes me."

"Sich ez wot?" queried Pete.

"Wal, dar's a feller ober in one o' dem dar furrin kentries wot's a-goin' on a hexpedition ter de Souf Pole."

"Gorramighty!" exclaimed Brother Peter: "war's dat?"

"Why, yo' ignerant niggah! Does yo' know war de Norf Pole am?"

"Yas, sah. It am up onter de top o' de erf."

"Yas, an' de Souf Pole am down onter de odder end. Dey ben a-huntin' fur de Norf Pole fur a good many yeahs, an' dey doesn't seem fur ter be able ter fin' it. Wal, naow, it 'peahs dat dis hyar pole runs clean t'rough de erf."

"Hi yah!" exclaimed Pete: "haow's dat? Who stuck her t'rough, Brudder Shinbone?"

"Umph-umph, chile! Dunno; 'spects she must ha' growed dar. 'Pears like she's allus ben dar, on'y nobody can skeer her up. Wal, naow, wot dis hyar cullud pusson wants fur ter know is, wot good am it goin' ter do anybody ef dey find dis hyar pole?"

"Dunno, 'less dey kin cut her down fur kindlin'-wood."

"G'way, niggah! Yo' doesn't s'pose dat dis hyar pole am made ob wood, does you?"

"Dunno."

"Wal, I dunno, nudder; but I reckons dat she mus' be med outen iron, or else she'd git bruk down by de crowdin' ob de ice. 'Kase, doesn't yo' see, de hull o' dat kentry am all friz up wid ice. Dar am skeetin' dar all de yeah around. So fur ez I kin diskiber, dat am de chief product ob de kentry. Naow, skeetin' am putty good fun, but nobody wants fur ter go 'way up ter der Norf Pole nor 'way down ter de Souf Pole fur ter go a-skeetin', does dey?"

"Wal, I reckon dey doesn't," replied Brother Pete, very emphatically.

"Den wot's de good o' sendin' fellers down dar ter draw maps ob de kentry? Costs a heap o' money, too; an' wot's moah, dey mos' allus hab a putty bad time. Dar hain't no houses dar an' no whiskey, an' when a feller once gits cold, he hain't got much show fur ter git wahm agin. 'Tain't

no fun libbin' dar, an' de libbin's blame skeerce, anyhow. Dyin' 's plenty 'nuff, but a man kin die jess ez quick 'round dis hyar part o' de wuld. Yo' hain't able fur ter raise no sweet 'taters, nor rice, nor hominy, nor pumpkins dar 't all, 'kase why: de groun' am kivered up wid de ice an' snow all de yeah round, an' yo' couldn't plow de blame place widout yo' hed a ice-saw. Den, ef yo' got de durn place plowed an' de tings planted, dey wouldn't grow, kase it am so cold. 'Peahs like dar am plenty b'ars up dar, too; but dar hain't no 'possums, nor no coons."

"Why, Brudder Shinbone, dat mus' be 'bout de meanest kentry on de face ob de erf."

"Umph-umph, chile, naow yo' am a-shoutin'. Wal, naow, dey sez dat dis hyar wuld am a spinnin' round an' around all de time, wid dis hyar pole in de middle fur a sort ob axle, an', so fur ez I kin fin' out, dat's 'bout all de good de blame ole stick am. Ef dat am so, den dog-gone me fur pickles ef I kin see any good o' findin' de pole. So long as it stays dar, de wuld am likely fur ter keep on goin' around it. An' der hain't no danger ob it gittin' away, kase it am driv clean t'rough, an' couldn't git out 'less somebody pulled it out; an' ef dey can't fin' it, dey can't do dat. So dar yo' am. Darfur I sez let de durned ole pole alone. She am a 'tendin' ter her business, an' dar hain't nuffin' ter be gained by a-interferin' wid her. Am I right or is I wrong?"

"Brudder Shinbone, yo' am right ebbry time," answered Pete.

"'Nuff said," responded Shinbones, as he applied his energies to a turkey-wing.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE REV. HEBER NEWTON says that tadpoles and frogs were made as "jest's of creation." If that is so, Talmage must be a five-act comedy of creation.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE CLERK in the hotel was silent and subdued. He answered questions with few words. His diamond was enormous and dazzling, but his thin gray hair and heavily furrowed brow told that he was prematurely aged. There was a far-off look in his cold gray eyes, as if his mind was busy with memories of a bright and blissful past. The man from Boston wrote his name in the register and looked compassionately on the clerk.

"You do not seem happy," he said.

"Happy! I!" responded the clerk, with a world of meaning in his voice.

"You have seen better days, I presume?"

"Stranger, now you're talking. I remember when the great world bowed itself in blind adoration at my feet, and the ducats rolled into my coffers at the rate of \$5,000 in a single night. But my occupation is gone, sir. A cruel and unreasonable prejudice in public executive officers has made it impossible for me to tread the old paths of glory."

"What were you—an actor?"

"Actor! No, sir; you may speak sarcastically to me now, for I'm only a poor hotel-clerk on \$2,500 a year; but once, sir, once I was a champion slugger."

THIS IS the time of year when the Brooklyn woman looks carefully at the two dollars she has saved to buy her husband a Christmas present, and then rides down to the Bridge on a Flatbush Avenue car for five cents, crosses the Bridge for five cents, goes up-town on the Elevated for ten cents, buys a present for one dollar and fifty-seven cents, rides down again for ten cents, goes back over the Bridge for five cents, and home on a horse-car for five cents more, and looks proud because she has saved three cents by the operation.

"MA," said Johnny, one Saturday morning: "where do good little boys go?"

"To heaven, I suppose," replied ma.

"I don't mean when they're dead," answered Johnny, in a tone of disgust: "where do they go when they're alive?"

"I don't know," remarked the mother, absently: "I suppose they stay at home with their mamas."

"Oh," said Johnny: "oh, I thought maybe their mamas sometimes took 'em to the theatre."

Johnny caught on.

"IT IS found that canvas can be made as impervious to moisture as leather by steeping it in a decoction of one pound of oak bark with ten pounds of boiling water," says an exchange. That doesn't strike us as being very wonderful. We've seen a man made perfectly impervious to a driving rain-storm by a single pint of a decoction they make in New Jersey out of common apples.

THE EDINBURGH *Review* has started a crusade against Castile soap. If the *Edinburgh Review* will come over here at the time of the next Presidential election, we'll show it a sort of soap that is harder to make crusades against than that. We know, too; we've been there. Our crusade was a winning one, too.



POSITIVELY THEIR LAST APPEARANCE.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

"Speaking of curious freaks of nature," remarked the Elder to the Younger: "what do you think of this? Several years ago I visited a farm in Clair County, and in one of the fields I discovered a huge boulder shooting up out of the earth several feet, the portion visible weighing probably ten tons. There were no other rocks, large or small, to be seen in the field, and this monster had evidently been forced to the surface by a mighty convulsion of nature many centuries ago."

"Nothing so very remarkable about that," replied the Younger: "such freaks are quite common."

"Perhaps so," said the Elder: "but when I visited the farm six months later that rock had entirely disappeared—not a vestige of it remained, and wheat was growing over the spot."

"Well, that is a little more curious," said the Younger: "how do you explain the phenomenon?"

"Oh, easy enough," returned the Elder, backing toward the door: "You see, the old farmer blasted the boulder to pieces, and used the fragments in a foundation for a new barn."

And the Younger "blasted" the Elder, as the latter quickly closed the door and hurried down the street.

THE POLLYWOG has stopped his wriglet,
The red leaf's fallen off the twiglet,
The squirrel does his Autumn jiglet,
And round the board
The joyous horde
List to the crackling of the piglet.

THE ELECTRIC DOOR-BELL.



ONE MUST KNOW HOW TO HELP HIMSELF UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.

LEFT AGAIN.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE I.—MR. BROWNSTONE JONES'S dressing-room in his cheap flat. Enter MRS. BROWNSTONE JONES on tip-toe.

MRS. J.—I know Jones changed his clothes this morning, and when he does he always leaves money in the pockets. I want a little change, and now's my time to get some. (*Searches pockets and finds small pocket-book.*) What's this? (*Opens pocket-book.*) Oh, good gracious! Twenty dollars! I'm in good luck. Why, that will pay for making my new dress.

SCENE II.—MRS. BROWNSTONE JONES'S dining-room. MRS. J. and MR. J. at dinner.

MRS. J.—Have you bought any Christmas presents yet, dear?

MR. J. (*very shortly*).—No.

MRS. J. (*coaxingly*).—What are you going to give your little girl this Christmas?

MR. J.—Nothing.

MRS. J. (*tearfully*).—Nothing?

MR. J.—No, nothing. Some one stole the money I had saved up for that purpose out of my little pocket-book. I'm sorry, my dear, but I haven't another twenty to spare.

CHAS. DICKENS, in his "Christmas Carol," uses the phrase "as solitary as an oyster." This should be put down by biographers as a proof that Dickens had attended church-fairs, and partaken of the well-known steaming and attenuated—

COINS BECOME so antiquated that they are perfectly smooth and you cannot read the date on them. It is the same with jokes.

SOME VERY QUEER ELECTION BETS.

Owing to the wide discrepancy in the compilation of figures this season, the payment of election bets has been materially delayed, and for the past two or three weeks the daily press has reeked with graphic descriptions of queer and original election bets. We have selected a few of the most curious, and have also been apprised of a couple that have escaped the ubiquitous reporter, which we propose to embalm in the pages of Puck, which was not born to die.

Abner Bardsley, of Taborsville, having lost a wager on Blaine, was forced to take a nap of three days' duration, without emitting a single snore. He fulfilled the conditions of the bet last week in the presence of a committee of leading citizens, an eminent physician, and several hundred spectators. The village brass-band of twenty-four pieces discoursed some excellent music on the occasion.

Two citizens of Clifton made a very curious election wager, which was filled to the letter by the loser on Tuesday. Hiram Quailes, well known for his bibulous propensities, agreed to pass every saloon and hotel in town ten times in one day without entering either, in case Cleveland defeated Blaine. If Blaine was victorious, then Aristides Smith was to undertake the same difficult task. In case of failure, the loser was to pay a forfeit of fifty dollars. Quailes went the rounds, but he afterward said that if the forfeit had been only twenty-five dollars, he would have abandoned the task on the third round. A fife and drum accompanied him on his travels.

Henry Wacks, of Millington, was to stand ten hours on one foot on the top of a telegraph-pole, if the Plumed Knight was defeated, and Silas Sellers was pledged to perform a similar feat in case Cleveland failed to reach the Presidential goal. On Friday last Henry ascended the pole in front of the Union Hotel, and paid the wager amid the plaudits of a large concourse of people. The pastor of the Second Street Reformed Church delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, dwelling upon the fact that such exhibitions were more moral and elevating in their tendency than the disreputable habit of betting drinks on the result of an election.

A young lady in Boston, in accordance with an election bet on Blaine, performed a rather remarkable achievement. She was to commit to memory one of Joseph Cook's lectures and seventeen pages of Emerson's philosophy in half an hour. On Saturday afternoon, in the presence of nearly twenty-five hundred of the most cultured and spectacled citizens of the Hub, she canceled the wager, and had seventeen minutes to spare, which she devoted to reading an original poem and writing a three-column essay on the "Hereafterness of the Future," which will appear in an early number of a scientific review.

An odd election bet was paid in Ohio. Two young ladies pledged themselves, in case their candidate was defeated, to sew the missing buttons on their respective brothers' and fathers' trousers and shirts, and assist their respective mothers one day in the house-work. The loser

actually paid the bet, but she is now suffering from nervous prostration induced by overwork.

Matthew Jenkinson, of Philadelphia, aged 99 years, was so positive of Blaine's election that he wagered with a Cleveland man of similar age that if his favorite was defeated he would live to be 117 years old, and *vice versa*. Having lost, on Monday last Matthew fulfilled the conditions of his curious bet, and died next day aged 117 years and 6 hours. Mr. Childs's *Public Ledger*, which makes a specialty of recording the deaths of citizens aged 80 years and upward, turned its column-rules and gave Mr. Jenkinson a half-column obituary notice, including twelve lines of original poetry.

We hear of an election bet being paid in Freshboro' last Saturday which is certainly an improvement on the idiotic wheelbarrow wager. If Blaine was elected, John Razor was to fire Lemuel Harrow out of a columbiad, across a river a quarter of a mile wide, and if Cleveland was successful Harrow was to do the firing and Razor was to make the sudden journey. There being considerable danger attached to this wager, several thousand persons gathered on the river's bank on Saturday morning to witness its performance. A large columbiad was procured, and Razor having crawled into the muzzle, at exactly 9:24 A. M. Harrow applied the fuse. The charge of powder was probably a trifle heavier than intended, for Razor struck and smashed a barn-door, one hundred yards from the shore, and was obliged to pay seven dollars damages. W.

MABEL MAUD.

By Henry Bishop Howells and Jesse James, jr.

CHAPTER I.—A COMMON EPISODE IN THE PARK.

One day, two ladies walking in Central Park stopped at Mabel Maud's carriage and looked at the little fairy within it.

"What a beautiful child!" said the first lady: "Is she your child?"

"Not mine," said the second lady, with surprise: "I thought her yours."

"It seems to me that I have seen the nurse-maid before," said the first lady.

They walked slowly toward the Mall and disappeared.

"Do you know that lady who first spoke about you?" said the nurse.

"The lady who asked the other lady if I was her child?" inquired Mabel.

"Yes," said the nurse.

"No," said Mabel: "I never saw her before."

"That was your mother."

CHAPTER II.—MABEL MAUD'S PERPLEXITY.

Mabel Maud was puzzled. She looked curiously into the nurse's face, as though she thought the nurse were jesting with her. Then she raised her beautiful black eyes and said earnestly:

"Dear nurse, I want to ask you a question."

"What is it, my child?"

"You will tell me true?"

"I shall tell you true."

"What is a mother?"

The little nurse had been brought up in a foundling asylum, and had never had a mother. When large enough to work she had been given a situation in a family in Fifth Avenue, and had never learned what a mother was. A mother was out of the line of Kathleen's experience. She studied a long time, for she did not wish to seem ignorant.

"Dear nurse," repeated Mabel: "what is a mother?"

The nurse gave the only answer she knew:

"A mother is a woman that looks at our 'characters.'"

CHAPTER III.—MABEL MAUD FURTHER MYSTIFIED.

That night the little nurse sat by Mabel Maud's bed telling fairy-stories. The afternoon had been one of intense excitement to the child, who had not yet recovered from the astonishment of learning that she had a mother. The anxious nurse was trying to calm her into sleep when there was a loud knocking at the front door.

The gentleman of the house had just returned from the Union League Club. He had been absent a year, and would not have come back from the club so soon had there not been a great fight in the lobby, which had ended in his being expelled.

Mabel started up and said:

"Dear nurse, who makes that noise?"

Kathleen peered through the shutters and answered:

"That is your father."

"My father?"

"Your father."

Mabel raised her curly head, rested it on her hand, and looked with wonder into Kathleen's eyes.

"My—"

"Your father."

"Have I a father?"

"Yes, dear child."

"Kathleen, what is a father?"

"I give it up," said the nurse.

Kathleen was floored.

The child was overwhelmed by her emotions.

"A mother and a father!" murmured Mabel Maud, and sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.—A NEW THEORY OF FILIAL ETIQUETTE.

The next day Mabel was taken down to the drawing-room to be introduced to her parents. She approached her mother shyly, but did not venture nearer to her than ten feet. Her father she regarded for a moment with vague curiosity, and then retreated to a corner and hid behind a big chair. The nurse lifted her tenderly in her arms. When Mabel Maud had been transported again to the nursery, she had only a dim and confused recollection of her parents.

The child had now established a speaking acquaintance with her parents. Gradually they met more often. Mabel soon knew her mother when she saw her riding by in the Park. She seldom made a mistake in picking out her father on the street. Once or twice, indeed, Mabel exchanged a few words with her parents, such as "Very well, I thank you," or "The weather is cold to-day." Their acquaintance was ripening.

Mabel was puzzled touching how to act toward her parents. She was cautious not to overstep the bounds of courtesy; careful not to be

familiar with them. In their presence she preserved a dignified and courteously reserved manner. She would not have dreamed of climbing into her mother's lap. With her nurse, on the other hand, she was wholly unconventional.

CHAPTER V.—MABEL'S HEART WARMS TOWARD HER KINDRED.

A fourth cousin of her mother's, a "poor 'relation,'" came to the house on a visit. He was an uncouth, simple-hearted man, who invariably offered wrong advice and was always unconsciously absurd. The child was attracted to him, and they were soon much acquainted.

Mabel loved the nurse, though not of kin, and had a place in her affections for the cook, who had given her hot tarts. Now her heart began to warm toward her kindred.

She was soon a constant companion of her fourth cousin. His smile was like sunshine to her. She hid her head on his shoulder, as he told the most beautiful stories about hunting raccoons with torches, and of gathering golden pumpkins when the moonlight lay on the ground. The fairy bark with its freight of orphaned affections had found a port at last.

Mabel Maud, whose yearning heart had never before known what the affection of kindred was, now fully realized it in the arms of her dear fourth cousin!

CHAPTER VI.—MABEL MAUD'S REVENGE.

Mabel is no longer a rich waif in Central Park. She is a fashionable young lady, fair as a lily. Kathleen is married, and has a little nursery of her own. Mabel Maud's father, almost retired from Wall Street, is now a gentleman—a bourgeoisie gentleman. Her mother wears a gray wig and is a "dowager"—a bourgeoisie dowager. Mabel is now too much mothered. She is shown off everywhere for all she is worth. Her father booms her as if she were stocks. Her beauty is paraded as if she were a handsome dividend. An article of speculation she is. Her parents want to wed her to a foreign count, or, as a last resort, to an American millionaire. Everywhere she goes her mother goes there, too.

Everywhere but one place. For when Mabel goes riding her mother does not go; only the coachman. Often of breezy mornings they are seen on the road in Mabel's Victoria. By the side of the coachman sits a nimble footman. He opens the door of the heart and lets down the steps of pride. It is Cupid.

Mabel Maud's love for the coachman is not wholly emotional. Calmly has she reasoned upon it; carefully debated it. She has compared the coachman with the young men of "the oldest families" who call upon her, and with her father. The coachman is handsomer than her father, and less effeminate than her admirers. The latter have small voices and talk like women. The coachman has a big voice and talks like an actor in a play. Her father always talks of stocks. It is such a relief to hear a man talk of horses.

After all, Mabel Maud is undecided. All her affections had been among the domestics. She had loved her nurse. She had a kindly memory of the cook. It was departing from their tender care that she met the coachman.

What would the nurse say? What did she say? "Wed the coachman." And that is what the cook said, and that is what Mabel Maud did.

One day her Victoria rolled away over a path of flowers, and passed by all the roadside inns and stopped at a chapel. A short chapter ended a long story. Mabel did not wish to abandon her friends. She did not know which friends to abandon. She stayed with the friends of her childhood.

L. H. TUPPER.

THE ZEAL OF SCIENCE.



"Vot you doin', eh?"

"Oxcuse me, uf you blease. Bot I dake dot liberty uf sairching mit my migroscope, un' I obsairfe in your biece of bork a cholera migrobe—von uf der finest as I nefer see—uf you don'd opject, I borrow him—yoost till I oxamine him—I pring him pack—uf you so goot will be—ja?"

THE LAST SCENE.

A cheerless November evening. The wind moans ominously through the branches of the tall trees, while the rain falls in chilly, drenching showers. A cheerless evening, indeed. The bright light, streaming through the windows of the tavern, falls upon the figure of a mottled goat standing on his hind-legs beside a tall board fence. He skillfully rends from the fence a huge rain-soaked poster, and drags it off to his lair behind the tavern-barn. The poster reveals to him the fact that the Pre-adamite Female Minstrels will be heard on that cheerless Autumn night at the Town Hall. "All the old goats of the biped species will be there," he says to himself.

In an upper room of a large house on the main street of the town an old man, wasted and infirm, is seated by the fire. His hair and beard are gray, his cheeks pale, and his hands thin and tremulous. There is no look of hope or animation in his sad face—no sparkle in his dark, listless eyes. The sands of life have almost run out. The sound of music is borne to his ear, and he rouses himself to ask whence it comes.

"It is the band of the female minstrel company which shows in the Opera House to-night," says one of the watchers.

The sick man's eyes brighten, and he starts eagerly from his chair.

"Get me me hat and gre't-cut!" he exclaims: "I'm going to that show."

"But, father," cries his daughter, twining her arms lovingly about him: "listen to the rain beating against the window-panes and the wind sighing in the tree-tops. You'll catch your death if you venture out on such a night as this."

"Matildy Jane," says the old man, an angry flush creeping into his pale cheeks: "do not try to thwart me, but bring me me gre't-cut and gums. Every bald-headed man in the county has seen that show, and I'm going to see it, too, before I die. Bring me them gums."

The curtain had just risen when the old man entered the Opera House and tottered feebly down the aisle to the front seat he had filled so often on similar occasions.

"The old man ain't dead yet," said one of the natives, as his eye fell upon the shining bald pate of the veteran.

"The Earl of Chatham's last appearance in the House of Lords," soliloquized a member of the local debating society, who had dropped in just to see for himself what the thing was like.

The invalid sat there unconscious of those about him, his eyes fixed on the semicircle of female loveliness before him. When the soprano with the pink extremities sang "Kiss Me O'er Me Mother's Grave," his eyes glistened with pleasure. When the interlocutor uttered the "gag" that every minstrel company carries with it for good luck, the tears flowed freely and he sniffed audibly.

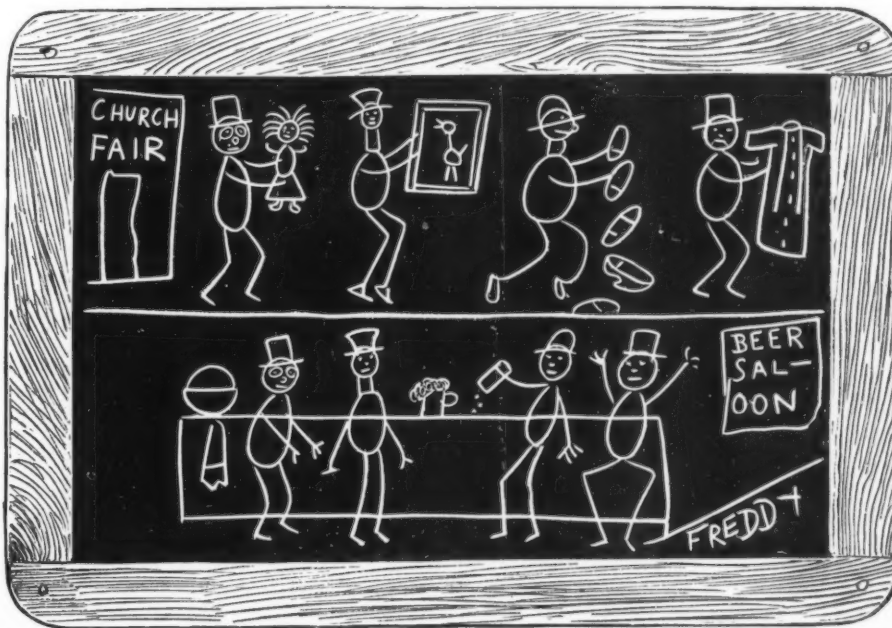
"I tell you," he said to the friend who sat next him: "this does my old heart good; it brings back the old days when I was young and happy and that joke was new. Hark! there's another coming. I know what it is. Yes—took his girl to three balls in one evening—got a dollar on the shawl. I tell you that brings back the old days of boyhood, before the railroad was built, and we only had one show a year at the county seat. They always brought that joke with them, though. Somehow it wouldn't seem natural to go to the minstrels without hearing it."

The curtain fell on the first part, and the old man sat with bowed head, staring with glassy eyes at the programme which fluttered in his trembling hand.

"Aren't you tired?" said his friend: "Had n't you better go home and not try to see the rest of it?"

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkdesemberninth

dear puck

thare has bin a fare four Ouer charch an It brort out orl my sistters a charch fare feches them Evrey time it is a grate sceem four gerls Who are gotten kineder desprit

my sistters hav orl gott bosc sech as Thay ar but they hang on mitey hard An doant ceem two get two The scrach

i spose they are waten four sum won too begin attennyrait thay ar pritty slow an the gerls ar gotten restles An thay maid Up thare minds to talk it out of thare fellers on The charch fare rackit

an thay did

thay roaped the fellers in An maid them taik chansen in moast evreything thare wos my sisster gennys baldeded bo got A dol he lookt sic my sisster mareys dude he got a pickcher of

"No," said the sick one, firmly: "I'm going to wait and see the swinging angels in the next to the last act. There comes the gal that's going to do the pedestal-clog."

The clog was followed by an act which served to introduce a number of jokes and conundrums, which were received by the audience with every mark of veneration. As the old familiar sayings fell upon his ear his eyes brightened, and he bent eagerly forward. He applauded the time-honored witticisms with feeble hands. His strength was going fast.

"Where was Moses when the light went out?" asked one of the troubadours.

The veteran's eyes shone with unwonted brightness as he whispered:

"I know the answer. That's one of the old-timers."

"Where was Moses when the light went out?" repeated the troubadour.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by rustic chuckles of expectancy, and then the old man leaped to his feet and exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper: "In the dark!" then sank slowly back into his seat, while a glassy film gathered over his eyes and the brightness faded from his face forever.

Kind hands gently raised him, but it was too late. His spirit had winged its flight to give answer to the crystal conundrum. The golden gag greeted his listening ear. The jasper joke was cracked by swinging angels with golden wings.

The old man was dead.

a rooster he voated four blane An he diddent cee the joak

wun of my sisster mords bosc got enuff slip-purs Two lasst him orl his life an my sisster ans musikle bo gott a nite gown

i gess the gerls soct it two them pritty hard an i spect thay caim a waigh bustid four jim jonson an me we sor them A littel laighter throo a sloon winder with won glas of bere On the countor throwen dise to cee wich should hav the first drink

i doant think enney of them can stand This sought of rackit mutch lawnger

youers hoapen so

freddy

p s cen bac my slaigh with a nue fraim on my sisster gennys baldeded bo jest sor this car Toon an broake the fraim over my hed

PICKLED PROVERBS.

—Honesty is the best policy, and that is why it is counterfeited so much.

—A living dog is better than a dead lion, and a dead whale beats both.

—"Happiness is born a twin," and sorrow seems to be born a *Vigentillionett*.

—One must be in business with a man and in love with a woman to know them perfectly.

—It is said that "a man is a fool or a physician at forty." Some are both before they are twenty.

—Shakspeare says: "The apparel oft proclaims the man." But it is oftener that the man claims and proclaims the apparel.

—"If we are the stuff that dreams are made of," it is a pity that the dream market should be so slack, for the world is filled with men who are "no good on earth."

F. S. RYMAN.

"NIHIL HUMANUM a me alienum puto" was first said by a man who did not foresee the advent of the dude.



Now Peace hath done her perfect work—serene,
Loyal and beautiful, the Southern queen

Bids all the wide world welcome to her door,
Where Industry has spread a varied store,

Where
Answ



—From Democratic National Platform.—“We favor an American continental policy based upon more intimate commercial and political relations with the fifteen sister republics of North, Central and South America, but entangling alliances with none.”

Where the white splend'or of her heaping bales
Answers the snow of crowding foreign sails—

Wise sister, blessed be thy welcoming hand,
Stretched to Republics of the tropic land!

MY SERE AND YELLOW DOG.

When I moved into the country, some time ago, I came to the conclusion that I must have a dog to be happy. So I got one—an old-gold dog with one ear and no tail. He was a gift dog, and I never stared him in the mouth when he had no muzzle on.

I had not owned him more than two days before I began to understand why the man who gave him to me parted with him so freely. It was because he was such a mischievous dog. He was the kind of a dog that you could be fond of, stuffed, under a glass case.

When I got him he was shedding his hair with the swiftness and prodigality of a cheap tooth-brush, and every time he saw me with a velvet ulster on, he would make it a point to jump on me and cover me with his awful mayonnaise hair. Everything in the house that had plush on it, from the chair-cushions to the family photograph-album, had more or less dog-hair on it; in fact, there was hair enough lying around to cover four dogs.

He shed his hair so fast that I stopped worrying, in the firm belief that he would be entirely bald in a day or two. But he never got bald. For every hair that fell out four new ones seemed to come in to keep up the aftermath.

He had many unpleasant habits. When I wanted to go anywhere alone he would insist on following me; and when I called him he would turn and run for his life, under the impression that he was going to be cuffed and beaten.

He had no virtue as a watch-dog. He wouldn't watch anything that he couldn't eat, and he would only watch that long enough to get a chance to steal it. He had a great habit of burying his food in my bed. He would carry all sorts of bones up-stairs, and get under the clothes with them, and leave them there. Then, in the middle of the night, I would roll over and get all those bones right in the small of my back, and be madder than ever I was since I slept with my lesser brother, who ate crackers in bed.

Another unhappy trick of the dog's was to rush into my room in the morning, and jump on the bed, and commence walking and running on me. I would frequently wake as from a nightmare, and find the dog walking on my eyes. After yawning and wiping the dog out

of my eyes, I would hurl him on the floor with a dull, sickening thud, and that would be the last of him until breakfast-time.

I called him Arthur, after King Arthur of the Table Round, because he was always round the table.

The most difficult thing I ever undertook to do was to put Arthur out at night. I could push him out through the door, but he would always rush back before I could close it, and be under the table looking at me to see what I was going to do next. The only way I could get him out was to carry him, close the door after me, deposit him on the ground, and climb in through a window. Then Arthur would set up a howl, and keep it up until I was glad to let him in for the sake of peace.

It was very difficult to catch him when he didn't want to be caught. I have fished for him with a meat-covered pickerel-hook, and chased him with a scap-net in vain.

One day I set a large rat-trap for foxes out in the henry and covered it with straw. It was baited with mutton. Arthur smelled it in his rambles, and put his nose down on it a little too hard; for, before he knew it, the saw-edged semicircles jumped off the floor, grabbed him behind the ears, and asphyxiated him on the spot.

He now sleeps beneath the ox-eyed daisies, where the muzzle, the brick, and the small boy bloom not.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Answers for the Anxious.

R. S. V. P.—P. P. C.

W. J. T.—Thanks. But don't do it again.

CHARLES BESSER.—Anybody who can see a genuine Jay Gould in that picture would see snakes in a temperance baby's pap-bottle.

ANAK, JR.—We wouldn't go so far as to say that your poem is not worth the paper it is printed on. It is worth that—just about that, at the usual O I C rates.

PHILIPS.—No, thank you; we do not want a correspondent in your region. We don't doubt your talent; but the temper of the people must not be too sorely tried.

ALICIA D.—Will we circulate your autograph-album among our contributors? Yes, if you will engage John L. Sullivan to circulate with it. What do you take our contributors for, anyway, Alicia? Think you, fond girl, they are weak and gentle lambs, or members of the Dutchess County Peace Society? If you want to engage yourself in a rosary of powder-mill explosions, just send that autograph-album around among them.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE ACTOR'S FUND—Five Cents for a Beer.

DESPERATE MEASURES—The Licensed Vender's.

THE SIGN on the door of a city telegraph office represents a messenger-boy in the act of running. The artist was undoubtedly a person of fertile imagination.—*Boston Courier*.

This is simply irony on the part of the artist, because he invariably paints the reindeer and locomotive standing still.

AFTER TOM THUMB'S debts have been paid his widow will have \$16,431. It seems rather rough that such a small person should have such a pile, when many a person standing over six feet high and weighing two hundred pounds walks around dead broke mapping out a free lunch route.

"Do you always drink wine at your dinner?" inquired Mrs. Deacon.

"Always," replied the lady addressed.

"Why don't you use water?"

"Why, because the pump is broken."

"I should think you would have it fixed," said Mrs. Deacon in a somewhat flurried manner.

"Well, we did, and it got broken again. And after we figured the thing out, we found it would be cheaper to buy wine than pay the plumber. That is the reason we drink wine and use the cast-iron pump for a lawn ornament."

WE DO not claim to be an authority on words and their uses, and, therefore, gentle Althea, feel rather diffident about undertaking to answer your questions. But, at the same time, we have some knowledge on the subject, and this we freely give you. We know that "come off" is used as a synonym of "pause," "stop," although the "stop" in an organ could not be called a "come off." We know that "ain't that just too cute for anything" is a feminine phrase of admiration for the beauty or virtue of anything, just as we know that "———!!———!!———!!" is an expression used by a man in a crowded horse-car to let his fellow-passengers know that one of the things in this world that he does not like is to have a corpulent woman with a basket of groceries step on his feet.

STREETS OF NEW YORK.—No. XX.



BEFORE ELECTION.—LOTS OF WORK FOR THE LABORER TEARING UP THE STREETS.



AFTER ELECTION.—NO WORK FOR THE LABORER, AND THE STREETS LEFT TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

THE DELIGHTFUL MAN.

HOW HE MADE HIMSELF AGREEABLE AT A SMALL EVENING PARTY.

"I do hope he won't disappoint me," said Mrs. Podgers to her guests: "I want you all to know him; he's really delightful; isn't he, Matilda?"

"He's just too lovely for anything—always so bright and pleasant. I don't know any one who can make an evening pass as pleasantly as he can. He's got such a society way with him, and always says such clever, witty things."

"That man will certainly be famous one of these days," said another guest: "I often tell him he ought to collect his bright sayings, and have them published in a book. Why, it would make his fortune for him. I'm sure of it."

"Oh, is he really coming to-night?" said a giggling young woman of sweet seventeen; "I've never met him, but I've heard ever so much about him. Fanny Caramel knows him, and says he's just too elegant."

At this moment the Delightful Man entered the room, and emitted fitful flashes of wit in the following dialogue:

HOSTESS.—"So good of you to come through this awful rain. I was just beginning to despair—"

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*with winning smile*).—"Don't despair, Mrs. P. Besides, it's fine weather for young ducks, and you know you told me only the other night that I was a duck. You needn't deny it."

HOSTESS (*ipping him with her fan*).—"Oh, you dreadful creature! How can you say such a thing? Now I want to introduce you to all these people. Miss Snooks—Mrs. Lamb—mum, mum, mum—Mr. Toddy I believe you know."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*bowing in every direction with easy grace*).—"Certainly. How are you, Toddy, old boy? You're quite a stranger. Very kind of you, Mrs. P., to have a Toddy ready for us this wet night." *Murmurs of admiration and approval on all sides.*

HOSTESS.—"Now I want you to sit down and make yourself agreeable. We've been just pining for you all the evening. Sit down here on the sofa between Miss Snooks and Mrs. Lamb."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*seating himself*).—"Ah! a rose between two thorns, and a lamb led to the slaughter."

MISS SNOOKS and MRS. LAMB.—"Te he." DELIGHTFUL MAN (*striking humorous attitude*).—"This style three for a quarter."

FIRST GUEST.—"He's a clever fellow, isn't he? I wish I had his easy, pleasant manner."

SECOND GUEST.—"Oh, he's as full of fun as an egg is of meat. Did you hear what he said to Toddy? I tell you that was a neat bit of repartee."

DELIGHTFUL MAN.—"Well, I thought I never would get here to-night. In the first place, Vanderbilt kept me half an hour after dinner talking stocks, and then I met a friend of mine, and we got talking about the race to-day—"

UNSUSPICIOUS GUEST.—"What race?" DELIGHTFUL MAN.—"Human race." *General hilarity.*

SMALL BOY (*sotto voce*).—"That gag has been going round on crutches ever since I was born."

DELIGHTFUL MAN.—"Well, I was over in Brooklyn this afternoon, and coming back I thought I was going to miss the boat. I ran as hard as I could, jumped aboard and—found she was just coming in."

SMALL BOY.—"There's been gray side-whiskers on that ever since Washington crossed the Delaware."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*thinking to take a rise out of the boy*).—"Well, Johnny, why so solemnly? You've got your mouth open as if you expected something to fall into it."

"A WOMAN'S REASON."



"So I may really have the next waltz?—So good of you, Mrs. Masham—I know how rarely you'll consent to waltz with anybody. I am greatly favored."

"Not at all, Mr. de Gauque—I don't object to waltzing, in general. It is only my husband's absurd jealousy, you know. But I'm sure he won't mind my taking a turn with you, you know."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

SMALL BOY.—"I thought maybe I might catch some of these chestnuts that are flying round here so lively."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*changing the subject with great rapidity*).—"Well, let's do something; who's got an idea?"

UNSUSPICIOUS GUEST.—"I have."

DELIGHTFUL MAN.—"Well, keep it. We're going to have a cold Winter."

SMALL BOY.—"If that feller went to a decent variety-show once in a while he'd hear something new, maybe."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*intoxicated with the reception accorded to his dazzling flashes of original humor*).—"I had a most singular experience once when I was at sea. We were shipwrecked and starving, and I was just beginning to think I'd have to die on an empty stomach. While I was standing there eating a piece of beefsteak—I got it out of the bulwarks, see?—I said to myself, 'Now, if I only had a nice soft-boiled egg to go with this, it would be a good thing.' Just then the ship lay to and I got one—"

Burst of hilarity, in which all join but the SMALL BOY, who produces a highly-colored joke-book from his side-pocket, steps across the room, and hands it to the DELIGHTFUL MAN with the admonition—"Say, you, if you'd just read it out of the book you'd get it better than you do. You've skipped the one about getting the chickens out of the hatchway. You just oughter hear the way Dooney Maginnis uster do that act four years ago."

Discomfiture of DELIGHTFUL MAN and instant removal of SMALL BOY.

It seems that Hendricks was originally an Ohio man, after all. You may delay destiny, but you cannot wholly avert its consummation. —*Lowell Citizen.*

Love is blind—especially if the girl is rich. —*Texas Siftings.*

A NEW wrinkle in ladies' head-gear is styled "the capital"! A very appropriate name, by-the-way, when you consider it takes all a man's got. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

IT DOESN'T take a great while to get a boy out of a place where he wants to stay. A man comes out into the orchard.

"Child'en, come right down outen that 'ere tree this minute!"

"Which tree?"

"Why, that un yer in!"

"This one?"

"Yes, that one."

"This one here by the fence?"

"Yes, that un yer in."

"This one with the red apples?"

"Yes, that un, an' I don't want to tell ye agin."

"Well, we're comin' down."

"Well, come down mighty quick."

"Well, I am."

"Hurry, then!"

"Must I come clear down?"

"Clear down on the ground, and get that mighty quick, too!"

"Well," slowly sliding down the trunk: "I am down; what are you hollerin' at me for?"

If there are ten boys in the tree, the entire dialogue with variations has to be repeated for each boy, in case the man is their father or some near relative, and by the time the last boy gets to the ground, there isn't an apple on the tree. In case the interviewer is a stranger or a dog, however, the first word or prefatory bark isn't completed before the tree is as desolate and solitary as a garden of cucumbers, while the adjacent road is full of howling boys casting into the orchard Parthian shots of casual stones and derisive remarks.—*Hawkeye.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

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the landed property of the father is handed
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Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in
the world for quieting and allaying all irri-
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of nervous complaints, giving natural,
childlike refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent phy-
sicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that
can be relied on to cure all diseases of the
kidneys and urinary organs; such as
Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or in-
ability to retain urine, and all the diseases
and ailments peculiar to Women—"

"And they will tell you explicitly and
emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest
cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; con-
stipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever,
ague, &c., and they will tell you:

"Mandrakel or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with
others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

[Concluded week after next.]

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a clearer head, with less disposition to irritate the over-sensitive
lining of the nose and throat. Gradually the fires of inflammation
are soothed, discharges cease, pain gives place to ease, and in a
short time you are a well person.

The Pillow-Inhaler has cured cases of catarrh where the person
having it had almost to be shunned on account of the frightful
odor that proceeds from the decaying tissues and bones surround-
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H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THERE were three or four of us in a grocery-
store in Macon when a tall, solemn-looking
negro entered and presented a written order
for five dollars' worth of goods.

"Did Col. Dunlap give you this order?"
sharply inquired the grocer.

The negro scratched his head and looked
uneasy.

"Did he sign it, or you?"

"Say, boss," slowly began the man: "Has
you any doubts dat Kernul Dunlap signed dat
ar order?"

"Of course I have!"

"Den dat settles de case an' I doan' want no
trade. If my son Julius can't do better dan
dat arter practisin' fur a hull week, Ize gwine
home to tell him dat he'd better drap educa-
shun an' pick up de cotton-chopper!"—*De-
troit Free Press.*

A MAGAZINE devoted to culinary matters
gives a recipe for making "hash." Humorous
paragraphists will be surprised to learn that it
isn't composed of those things, and so forth.—
Norristown Herald.

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Also a COMPLETE NOVEL, by D. Christie Murray, illustrated
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Ludlow.

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Picture by A. Burr.

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A CAPRI GIRL. By Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A.

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A girl in my employ has been cured of constitu-
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(This gentleman is father of the Governor of Ga.)

Vanderbilt's millions could not buy from me what
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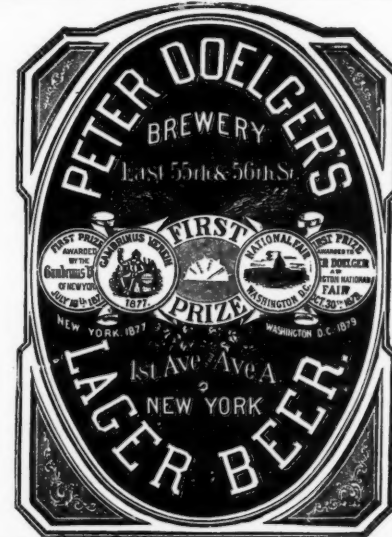
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which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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A 'LIZ-TOWN HUMORIST.

Settin' round the stove, last night,
Down at Wess's store, was me,
And Mart Strimples, Tunk, and White,
And Doc Bills, and two or three
Fellers of the Mudsock tribe,
No use tryin' to describe!

And says Doc, he says, says he:
"Talkin' 'bout good things to eat,
Ripe mushmillon 's hard to beat!"

I chawed on. And Mart he 'lowed
Wortermillon beat the mush.

"Red," says he: "and juicy—hush!
I'll jes leave it to the crowd!"

Then a Mudsock chap says he:

"Pumpkin 's good enough for me—
Pumpkin-pies, I mean," he says:

"Them beats 'millions! What say, Wess?"

I chawed on. And Wess says: "Well,
You jes take that wife of mine

All yer wortermillon-rine.

And she 'll bile it down a spell—

In with sorghum, I suppose,

And what else, Lord only knows!

But I 'm here to tell all hands

Them p'serves meets my demands."

I chawed on. And White he says:

"Well, I 'll jes stand in with Wess—

I 'm no hog!" And Tunk says: "I

Guess I 'll pastur' out on pie

With the Mudsock boys!" says he:

"Now what's yourn?" he says to me.

I chawed on—fer—quite a spell—

Then I speaks up, slow and dry:

"Jes tobacker!" I-says-I.

And you 'd orto heerd 'em yell!

—J. W. Riley, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

"I HEAR you are highly satisfied with your
new minister, Brown?"

"Satisfied is a tame word to express our
opinion of him. We are delighted with him."

"He is very eloquent, I understand."

"Eloquent! Why, sir, when he is preaching,
he affects the congregation so powerfully that
there is hardly any interest taken in the flir-
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displaced so many other Cough remedies.

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SWISS MILK FOOD to be the BEST prepared Food for Infants
and Invalids. Ask Druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed
Milk Co., 86 Hudson Str., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes
Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement
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19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 33, 37, 38, 47, 48,
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Champagnes, Brandy and Cordials. Sold at lowest market prices. All
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STOMACH BITTERS,
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covers one of the most notable and interesting politi-
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